

## ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH

It Has Been Refitted and Redecorated by Home Artists.

Handsome Works of Art—Reopened with a Sermon by Father Ryves—Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

St. Patrick's Church, at the corner of Dougherty and Short streets, has taken on an entire new dress in the interior of the building. For weeks past fresco artists and painters have been at work beautifying the inside of the house of worship, and the end has truly crowned the work. The Rev. Father O'Donoghue, pastor of the church, patronized home talent almost exclusively in the letting of the contracts, and the only work upon the decorations not executed by residents of this city was the painting of the fourteen stations. These are handsome oil paintings, and were imported from Munich; they are after the originals of the venerable Brother Schmalz. The stations were donated to the church by parishioners as follows: Charles Regan, Thomas Hays, Mr. Mary Griffin, Joseph Dwyer, James Dwyer, Thomas Flaherty, James Markey, George Kilgus, John Reynolds, Michael Mulcahey, John H. Lynch, Patrick Daly and John G. Ward. These stations are set around the walls of the church in fresco frames, and over each of them is a painting of a saint. The saints are taken from all stations of life and various countries; they include the four evangelists St. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John and Saint Rose of Lima, of this country. These paintings were executed by R. B. Gracie, of this city, and the works of fine art. All the frescoing in the building was done by Guido Pressler, also of this city. The ceiling of the building is frescoed in blue, dotted with gold and aluminum stars, and presents a realistic sky in the light that glimmers through the stained glass windows. At either side of the altar is a statue. The one to the left, representing St. Patrick, was donated to the church by James L. Keach, and that to the right, representing St. Dennis, by the Rev. Father O'Donoghue. On the side walls of the recess in which the altar is placed are the national colors, prettily frescoed.

The work, which has been going on for weeks, has but recently been completed, and Friday night the stations and two statues were blessed with the usual ceremonies. There were present the Rev. John Ryves, of St. Ann's Church, at Terre Haute, who preached the sermon; Very Rev. Father Scheidele, of St. Mary's; Father Gavisk and Wade, of St. John's; Father Alerding, of St. Joseph, and Father Dowd, of Haughville.

The sermon of Father Ryves was as follows: The occasion which brings us together is a very interesting one. We are here to witness the blessings of fourteen paintings which portray the most striking incidents of that painful journey of our Lord to Mount Calvary from the court of Pilate, where, unjustly condemned, He took up the heavy cross. He had already endured the scourging. He was torn with wounds. The bitter task must be finished. Through the streets, and out of the city gates, and up the mountain road to Calvary they urged Him along. There the Passion was consummated, and at last the grave inhaled Him.

There is a great fundamental truth which never leaves the church's thought. Her feasts and worship ever proclaim it. Three times a day the bells announce it from the tower. "The Lord is made flesh and dwelt amongst us." So solemnly you kneel to mass when the choir chants the same. "Et incarnatus est," etc., etc.

To-day's feast, the Immaculate Conception, reminds you that one woman was exempt from the common human taint of sin, and this exception was made as a prelude to the assuming of human nature by God, who at first created human nature in perfection. The church keeps by this feast a Savior has been given to us. Christ has lived, Christ has died, Christ is God, Christ is man. All this is being repeated, and in the world till the end of time her voice will ever proclaim it. The feast of the Immaculate Conception states her mission, and all her acts are related to this teaching, that she is with us. She has lived, thus she has died. In this way has He spoken. In the office at Laus she asks: "Tell us, O Shepherd, whom did you see who had appeared on earth?" And the shepherds answer: "We saw the Lamb of God, who was born, and the angel choir all praising the Lord." It is by the power of this truth that the church has reached the world. The church teaches by speech, by pictures, by signs and by ceremonies. The world does not read her, it listens. It listens and it rejects her, as it did our Lord before he came. We, her children, must understand her. We must know who she teaches and know her meaning when she teaches. Now, my brethren, let us see the church speak to you. Why the building itself tells something to you. The cross on the tower, the altar, the vestments, the altar, the ceremonies of the mass. Without any preaching at all, these objects speak, though they be, convey truth to the devout Christian soul who opens his five senses to their language.

I will compare man, body and spirit, to a tower, which tower has five windows, one to the north, one to the south, one to the east and one to the west, and the fifth one above, through which the light of God shines. The tower may see the sky. The tower is the body of man. The dweller within is the soul. The light that shines through the windows, the dweller in this tower cannot go out, and all he knows he must find out through these windows. He is the spouse of Christ who comes to these windows to speak to the dweller (the spirit) within the body. To the ear she speaks by the voice of the priest, and with sacred music. To the smell she brings the odor of incense, and the perfume of flowers. To the eye she brings the peace of the sanctuary, the figured vestment. In all these ways to lure the soul upward by the knowledge of Christ Jesus.

So when the pious Catholic enters the church the cross away at the summit of the altar tells him the story of the Calvary with its cross and its victim. The same victim is mystically slain on every altar during the mass.

The lighted candles tell him that this suffering man with the thorns on his head, the crown of thorns, is the light of the world. "I am the light of the world. He who follows me will not be in darkness but shall have eternal life."

That light cheers him if he is melancholy, for from the tabernacle he hears the Lord repeat "Come to me all ye who labor and are heavily burdened and I will refresh you."

The tabernacle at the altar is his tent and his dwelling. My delight is to be with the children of men. "Behold, I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." The three white linens covering the altar table remind him that Christ is holy, holy, holy, Lord God Sabaoth. The heavens and the earth full of His glory. All this and more does the very furnishings of the sanctuary say to him when he comes into this holy place before mass. He dips his hand in holy water and repeats, "Sprinkle me with hyssop, O Lord, and I shall be cleansed. Wash me and I shall be made whiter than snow." And he does this because at the great commemorative sacrifice that he is to stand in spirit with the sorrowing mother, with Mary Magdalene and St. John for companions, near the cross, and see Jesus die. The priest now comes out of the vestry to begin the sacrifice once offered in a bloody manner, here to be offered in memory, and in an unbloody manner. The priest does not come to this in his personal capacity. He does not come as Dennis O'Donoghue or Francis Quidey, or Francis Dowd or Francis Gavisk or Francis Chas. but as personifying Christ Jesus; not glorifying himself but fasting, striking his breast, confessing his sins, saying, "I have sinned exceedingly through my fault. Take away, O Lord, my iniquities, that I may enter with pure mind to the Holy of Holies. If I glorify myself my glory is nothing," says the Lord, and so the priest proclaims Christ. You often think, pious members of St. Patrick's, you who are here to witness the blessing of these pictures that tell the sorrowful road to Calvary, do you always remember that the mass is a sacred act, a drama, a dramatization of the passion story. The sacrament for the living is the feast of Christ; the every day renewal of that atonement for sin in the holy sacrifice of the mass. Christ's presence amongst you in this church when you gather in His name. These things are stupendous facts. Aided through the five windows of the soul's dwelling, through the senses of the body,

the church tells this stupendous truth to the soul. You know that actions speak louder than words. The drama is thought expressed through action. In former times men had passed plays to show vividly the trial and execution of Jesus; to tell of it was not enough. They acted it. Now the holy mass partakes of the nature of an act performed with this intention, "to show forth the death of the Lord until He come again." The robed priest enters the holy place. The cord or cinchure is about his body. The cross is embossed on his back. The attendants accompanying as the disciples went with Jesus to the garden of Gethsemane. The sacred action goes on. Pilate is seen to wash his hands. Christ's death is represented in the separate consecration of the bread and wine, for this breaks the separation of the soul from the body. The burial is shown in the communion.

The maniple work on the wrist of the priest tells of the handcuffs the cord around the body is the rope with which he was bound, and from Annas to Caiaphas, from Herod to Pilate. When the priest turns to salute the people they think of Christ's words to the weeping women who met him on the way to Calvary and of his last words to his mother and St. John. His promise to the penitent thief and his prayer for his persecutors. As the good Catholic with the book in hand follows the service he sees that the church is doing here at mass what Christ did on the night of his betrayal. In His hand at the last supper He said: "Drink ye all of this, for this is the chalice of my blood. Do ye this in commemoration of me." He will never let the memory of Christ perish. She knows how to preserve His memory and to convey to the soul of man through every avenue of sense the truth of His presence and the greatness of His love. Let other churches be satisfied to keep only the name of Christ, and try at the same time to keep step with the claims and the claims of infidels who try to array science against the Catholic Church. That church shall be content to raise the human mind and heart by the constant display of Christ's character and doctrine.

Today the church declares by this feast of the immaculate conception that Christ's death is not a mere event, but a living truth that truth did give impetus in the beginning to the social elevation of woman and struck out on the pathway to human eminence to which the elevation and improvement of woman leads.

This devotion of the stations of the cross is only one among the many indulgent exercises of piety in the liturgy of the church. That liturgy is so varied and manifold in form that it might be compared to a great organ having many pipes to produce every shade of tone from the deep diapason to the shrillest flute note. Such an instrument in the hands of a skilled performer can give voice to every feeling of the heart and echo our every aspiration. Just so the church. She has various and manifold ways to answer different natures and minds. She uses the deeper mysteries to engage the intellect, the lighter to engage the fancy and the intellect. And this needs be. For the church is catholic (universal). She must have a language for every soul and she must reach all our moods and conditions. She follows and imitates nature. The changing year has various phases. Nature in the spring hurls all her leafy banners out, and joy and hope go hand in hand over the earth. Then comes autumn's blasts, with fierce notes swelling, calling to the forest to throw down her green glories to battle with the winter storms. The man who saw his dearest hopes go down in the storms of life finds harmony for his feelings, his soul laments with the autumn winds and he calls black night his brother. He loves to see the storms beat madly on the withered fields till all lies shattered like his broken hopes. When at last the soft, white mantle of snow covers the world and the wreck of the storm is hidden beneath, the tired heart murmurs, praying: "So may I be buried, too, and my ruined works be forgotten and hidden beneath the mantle of forgiveness."

Nature furnishes phases to accord with every mood. And nature is the oracle of God. So the church has met the conditions of every age of the world. She can charm the mind of a Newman or a Brownson with her perfect theology and with the little embroidered emblem on the priest's robe or the sacred picture in the window she can please the fancy of the child and draw the individual to God. Individuals differ. One is serious little, and sentiment rules him. Another is devoid of sentiment, and logic leads him. But the church speaks in diverse tongues, as the apostles on Pentecost, and each one hears the wonderful work of God in the language he understands. All hear her preaching Christ and Him crucified.

The amiability of Christ would have won for him everlasting admiration. "Learn of me, for I am meek and humble of heart." He came among men, eating and drinking with them, preaching to the poor. He raised the dead to life, and did wonders to show that he was God, not, however, to glory himself, for he enjoined on the blind man to whom he gave sight that he should not tell of his cure; and when he was transfused on the mountain he commanded Peter and James and John, saying, "Tell the vision to no man, for he who goes to Jerusalem, after having taught elsewhere, and he predicted his own defeat. But the church speaks in diverse tongues, as the apostles on Pentecost, and each one hears the wonderful work of God in the language he understands. All hear her preaching Christ and Him crucified.

Where Mother Is. Old-fashioned flowers with fragrance sweet Bloom where Mother is; Life is a psalm—a song replete With joy and sorrow—Mother is; There all woes and sorrows cease, Naught but rest and heavenly peace Dwells where Mother is.

The jostling crowd, the wearing din Are not, where Mother is; The haunting fears of shame and sin Reach not where Mother is; Heart-sick, brain-tired, nerve-racked soul, Before thy tear-dimmed eyes a goal Exists, where Mother is.

All grief and doubt and unbelief, Pleas, where Mother is; Hope and faith and sweet relief Come where Mother is; Mother! Mother! name most sweet, Heaven guide my weary feet Home, where Mother is.

—Elizabeth A. Vore, in the Overland.

To Dora. God's mercy, Dora, what a kiss, That you should whisper like a child? A word and many are the kisses, A word and many are the kisses, A word and many are the kisses, A word and many are the kisses.

At a North Window. One morning only of the gradual year The sunshine on her window ledge may fall; Oh, married not her heart is full of fear Left clouds that morning keep the sun in thrall.

—Edith M. Thomas, in Scribner.

A Reminiscence of the Fair. It was Chicago day, and through Horticultural Building an immense crowd was drifting in slow lines among the fruit exhibits. Suddenly the throng was halted—something blocked the way. Had a man fallen? Oh, no; it was only that two fat women had suddenly stopped to engage in an absorbing and desperate argument. "I smell pineapple," said the larger one, sniffing the air vehemently.

"No, sister, you smell oranges," said the other fat woman. "No, indeed. It is pineapple I smell." "I tell you it is oranges," retorted the other one, still more positively. The two ladies were still arguing, when a small, thin, but courageous man prodded one of them in the back with his world's fair umbrella and said briskly: "Move on, there. Move on. What do you mean by blocking the way? Who cares what you smell? I'll call a guard, and he'll make you smell brimstone." The blockade was raised, but the two belligerents drifted on unconvinced.

Uncle Josh Defeated. New York Weekly. Lawyer—Well, my young friend, your Uncle Josh determined that you should be a farmer, or get nothing from him. He did not leave you a cent of money, but he left you his plow, cultivator, mowing machine, thrasher, portable sawmill, stone crusher, road scraper and stump puller. Young Scribner—All right, I'll sell them. Lawyer—He has provided against that. You cannot sell, or even rent them. You must use them yourself. Young Scribner—No! I'll write a play and use them on the stage.

A Corner. Detroit Tribune. Careless—Now, Willis, what do you suppose saved Moses among the bull-frogs? Willis (son of board of trade operators)—He must have been long on something.

## OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

The Clearer Hall. (Benjamin S. Parker.) Thy rapt song makes of Earth a realm of light And shadow mystical as some dreamland, Arched with unfathomed azure—vast and grand With splendor of the morn; or dazzling-bright With Orient noon; or strewn with stars of night Thick as the daisies blown in grasses fanned By odorous midsummer breezes, and Showered over by all bird-songs exquisite. This is thy voice's beatific art,— To make melodious all things below— Calling through them, from far, divine space.

Thy clearer hall to us: The faltering heart Thou cheerest; and thy fellow mortal so Fares onward under heaven with lifted face. —James Whitcomb Riley.

The Exiles. Bare blackened boughs That seem to press and press, Low skies, storm-swept and pitiless, Must be the only roofs to house Or shelter their distress.

They tread by night Beneath the trees; Before them, desert distances Whereon the endless snows are white, And endless tempests freeze, Their eyes are bound, And heavy on their helpless hands, Ordained to deive the barren ground Of bleak, unlovely lands.

Week after week, Across the snow And weary wastes, they wander so; No human heart wherein to seek Succor of any woe.

Forevermore Their footsteps wend After from hearth and home, and friend; Nor know they what grief hath in store Before the bitter end. What'er their deeds, It matters not; Their very names shall be forgot; Their agony, their heart-sick needs, And their forsaken lot. —Evalene Stein.

Life. Lo, it is night, and yonder is the moon— The hilltops rise, and smile, And the deep vale lies black across the land— There is no sound or song— Naught moving saving the slowly changing light.

And now an errant star, with riding down The far off field of blue, in urgent quest, O my vain soul! have peace— The world alone is mine, and I would grow As a tall tree, into the heavenward air, Knitting my roots more deeply in the earth While day abounds and sunshine warms the world.

Or, when the darkness and the blast come on, Stand high against the battling storm, and know The mighty joy of bravery— For there are life and death, and life is mine And death seems far away—a sacred thing. —Jethro C. Culmer.

Spencer, Ind. Left Undone. It isn't the thing you do, dear; It's the thing you've left undone, Which gives you a bit of heartache At the setting of the sun. The tender word forgotten, The letter you did not write, The flower you might have sent, dear, Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted Out of a brother's way, The bit of heartache you sent me, You were hurried too much to say, The loving touch on the forehead, dear, The gentle and winsome tone, That you had no time or thought for With trouble's enough of your own.

The little act of kindness So easily out of mind; Those chances to be angels At the setting of the sun. They come in night and silence Each child, reproachful wraith When hope is faint and change is near, And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear, And sorrow is all too great To suffer our slow compassion That tarries until too late, And it's not the things you do, dear; It's the things you leave undone, Which gives you a bit of heartache At the setting of the sun.

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